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THE
PROGRESS
OF A
RAKE:

S H E W I N G

The Various INTRIGUES and DANGERS
he met with ; under the following Heads.

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| I. His Intrigue with a certain City-Lady, and the Trick she contrived to gratify her Desires. | a good Stomach. |
| II. His Adventures with the Whores in <i>Drury-Lane</i> , and the Comical Trick that was serv'd the Informers. | IV. His Intrigue with a Butcher's Wife; his Quarrel with a young Officer, and the Duel thereupon. |
| III. The History of a certain Councillor noted for | V. The Treatment he met with at a Conventicle. |
| | VI. His Intrigue with a Dutchess; the Trick he play'd the Merchants at <i>Garraway's</i> . |

And several other Entertaining Passages and Occurrences.

To which is prefixed, by way of INTRODUCTION,
A POEM, called

The RAKES Night.

L O N D O N :

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T H E
R A K E S Night.

Y E Sons of *Venus*, wild and lewd,
 Who are with every Vice endu'd;
 Inspire my Verse how best to write,
 Of Charms and Pleasures that invite
 The Buxom Rake each wanton Night :
 But Truth seems richest, homely drest ;
 So plain Narration is the best.

Brimful of Wine, with strong Career,
 At ten we did from Tavern steer,
 To *Drury* Hundreds bent our Course;
Drury of Evils, the chief Source,

There

There Whores against Informers strove
To use their ancient Trade of Love:
Bawdy on one side stuns your Ears,
On o'ther, some loud Bully swears.
We strictly view'd each Madam's Face,
Then took a Cogue, and left the Place;
To *Fleet-street* then we onward went,
Still fir'd with the same Intent.
There, like Decoy-Ducks, stood the Misses,
Sworn to betray whoever kisses,
To Watchman, or Confederate Sir,
Who rules the Night like Mastiff Cur;
We glibly swallow'd down the Bait,
And narrowly escap'd their Fate:
No sooner had we seiz'd on Punk,
But Watchmen swearing we were drunk,
Swore that we basely did affront her;
So hurried us away to —Compter:
But by good Hap our Spirits rose,
And we defeated all our Foes;
Then free from Watch, and testy Warden,
We upwards steer'd to *Covent-Garden*,
To the famed Night-House known to all,
Whom nightly Visits do inthral:
There with some Coffee, and much Chat,
Of Who and Who, and What and What,

Where

Where *Penkeman* with solid Face,
Sits Arbitrator of the Peace;
Dispenses round despotick Laws,
And hedges in each knotty Cause:
Oh! may his Father's sacred Shade
O'er the blest Place his Influence spread.

Thus having ope'd again our Eyes,
Exhausted Spirits 'gan to rise;
• Of Idleness and Smoke grown weary,
From Mirth we could no longer tarry:
So gently reeling Hand in Hand,
We stroll'd along the quiet *Strand*.
(Alas how short are Joys of Fate)
Two Buxom Girls we jointly met,
With kind Salute we ask'd em, if
We might have Leave to board their Skiff?
They each agreed, knowing what we meant;
So to the *Bagnio* strait we went;
To Bed they shew'd us neat and clean;
Madam undress'd, and soon leap'd in:
What we did there I need not tell,
Nor which in Motion did excell;
But Morning came, the Lady rose,
And loosely hanging on her Cloaths,

With

With smiling Look devoid of Fear,
Curt'sies, and cries *Good b'ye, my Dear.*
Too soon alas we felt their Power,
And curse them now each tedious Hour:
Thus past all Sweating, and Back-Cupping,
From Water-Gruel gently supping,
From Pills and Bolus laid aside,
And Spitting-Pots to cool our Pride,
From Nurse one Hour with Joy set free,
We have indicted what you see;
That others may such Dangers shun,
Nor feel the Fate we've undergone.





THE
PROGRESS
OF A
RAKE.



HAVING but a small Estate, though a large Fortune in Expectancy, I determined to improve my Talent; and, purchasing Chambers in *Gray's Inn*, apply'd myself to study the Law. This Course of Life I pursued for three Years, living very frugally during that Time; at last I received the joyful News of my Great Uncle's Death, whereby I became Heir to Three thousand Pounds *per Annum*, I lost not one Hour in taking Possession of my Estate; which, when I had settled it to my Satisfaction, produc'd nineteen hundred Pounds, by renewing Leases, and granting three Lives

for Ninety-nine Years. I then returned to *London*, and considering that the Study of the Law was like digging in a Mine, where a Man must labour hard before he arrives at the golden Vein, I concluded that it was not worth so much Pains and Trouble, and therefore retired from it, being intirely satisfied with what had fallen to my Lot.

From that Day forward I began to commence *Rake*, and meeting with an Acquaintance, who was of the same Kidney with myself, we determined to play the Part of *Knights Errant*, and scour the Town in pursuit of Adventures. The Place of our Rendezvous was *St. James's Park*; but not meeting any thing there worthy our Encounter, we went to *Spring Garden at Vaux-hall*; we had scarce taken a Turn here, when we espied a Brace of *Does*, well fleshed and in *Season*: I had a strong Inclination to be about their House, and thereupon we made up to 'em, accosted them, and were received with *Freedom*. Our Discourse having continued half an Hour, we retired to a Room in the House, where we entertained our Selves with *chit chat*, and now and then a smutty Jest, not omitting to call for the best the House afforded. My Friend and I were well pleased in the Choice of our Mistresses, and mine calling me aside, declar'd that she was a Merchant's Wife in the City; that she had been married two Years to an old Man, who lead her an uneasy Life, because she had not been pregnant in that Time, tho' he well well knew he was too impotent to get a Child; adding that

that if I could prevail with my Friend to supply her Place that Night, she would be my Bedfellow, and he should have her Sister's Company as often after as he desired. I liked the Proposal, but to get my Friend's Consent to this Project, was a Point which, I feared, would be attended with Difficulty; however I communicated to him in private, and with much Persuasion, and many Remonstrances that the Danger was not so great as he apprehended, I prevailed with him to yield to my Request. We called to know what we had to pay, but my little Gypsie had taken Care to discharge the Reckoning, while we where in Discourse. It was not long before we came to the Lady's House, where we were entertained with an elegant Supper, and the Hour of Ten drawing nigh, the Gentlewomen dressed my Friend like a Woman, and in Bed she was laid; then my *Bona Roba* and I retired to an Appartment that was prepared for us, where we solaced our selves till Morning. The Sister went to Bed to my Friend, who imagining her to be the old Merchant, sweated with Fear; as she drew near him, he retired farther from her, and when she put one Arm over him, and her Leg over his, he got out of Bed pretending to make Water. She presently feigned to be asleep and to snore, whereupon he returned and lay'd down again, but wished he had been at *York* at that Time. When we arose in the Morning she related the Trick she had put upon my Friend, at which I laughed heartily; then going to the Chamber, she unlocked the Door, opened the Window-Shutters and Bed-Curtains, and said, *my Dear, a good Morning*

Morning to you, how do you like your new Bed-fellow? My Friend was at his Wits-End, and could not imagine what she meant; but upon my Approach, and saying, *Jack*, what a pox, can you not distinguish a handsome young Woman from an ugly, superannuated, two-legg'd Creature, he took Courage, leap'd into the Saddle, and obliged us to quit the Room, where we left them to redeem the Time, till Breakfast was ready.

We continued till the Evening, and then each of us had our *private* Audience of Leave with the *usual Ceremony*, promising to return as soon as our *necessary Affairs* would permit; we went out at a Back door, for tho' we were pressed to continue all Night, yet I was apprehensive that might have paid dear for our Sauce, if the Merchant returned and catch'd us together. But I needed not to have been so very cautious, for I soon found upon Enquiry, that the Jovial Sisters were unmarried, but being born under the Constellation of *Venus*, could not refrain playing at *Up Tails All*, and that the one was kept by a wealthy Merchant, and the other by a certain Nobleman, whose Countess, was as beautiful a Creature as a Man could wish to take in his Arms.

From thence we steer'd our Course to the Hundred of Drury, and going into a House where I had observ'd half a dozen cleaver jolly Women, we sat down by them. It seem'd that the merry Wives were in a Dispute which of them was the most ingenious at her Business, and desir'd my Friend to be

a Judge between them ; yes, said he, *provided you open your Cases fairly.* To which they agreed. A Butcher's Wife spoke first, saying, *that her hornify'd Husband's Trade was preferable to the others, for he had taught her how to draw out the Marrow without breaking the Bone.* That may be, answer'd the next, but my *Prick-louse Fellow* has instructed me to draw two Buttons to one Button-hole, without the help of Needle, Thread, Silk or Mohair. A mighty great Matter, truly, quoth the third! but I think I have more Ingenuity than both of you, for my Cuckold, who by the bye is a cunning Shaver, has skewn me an Art how to raise a Ladder, without Soap, Wash ball, or Water. Now, Sir, said the Butcher's Wife, who had spoke first, we wait for your Judgment, and by that we will abide. Such a Cause, replied my Friend, requires some Consideration, and therefore I must deliberate on the Matter, that I may not be thought rash in my Opinion, if then each of you will come to me, giving them Directions in Writing, (which I found appointed them to meet at my Chambers,) I will descide this Matter, they consented to this, and thereupon we left them.

Prithee, Jack, said I, what whim has thou got in thy Head now? do you design the labouring Oar for me, and you not bear a hand, No, no, answered he, you shall have the Choice of one, and leave the other to me. I am resolved to try the Jades, I wish said I, the Jades as you call them, do not make a Jade of you.

While

While we thus talked, not finding which way we went, we were alarmed with a Noise in *Bridges Street*, and going forward observed that the Herd of Pharasaical, two legg'd Brutes called *Informers*, had seized a Gentleman and his Wife, who were walking home very peaceably, and conducted them to *Covent-Garden Round-House*. The Woman, 'tis true, *had been* a lew'd Creature, but having repented of her past Folly, led a new Life, and became a very Virtuous Wife: But these *Puritanical Vipers*, adhereing to the Letter of the Proverb, *once a Whore and always a Whore*, declared that they knew her to be a Strumpet, and would prove it. I asked the Gentleman seriously, if he was married to that Woman, he assured me upon his Word that she was his lawful Wife, and that the Man at whose House he lodged, was the Father at the Time the Minister joined their Hands. Then, Sir, said I, take Courage, I will be with you in the Morning, and instruct you to *pickle these Mushrooms*. Turning about and viewing narrowly these officious *Woud'be's*. 'Tis a very hard Case, says I, that there is no Encouragement for a repenting Sinner in this World, when there is such rejoycing for the Conversion of one in the next; had I been in this Gentleman's Case, I would have sent some of these informing Rascals as a Present to *Belzebub* for his Supper; and I am certatin that I should not herein offend the Laws of Heaven or Earth. Say you so, quoth one of them, I have a Mind to lay you by the Heels for your good Intention; then pulling out a
short

short Staff, he offered to knock me down, but but was prevented by the Interposition of my Friend. A Scuffle ensued, but the Constable of the Night coming in, and commanding *the Peace to be kept*, all was quiet: He proved to be my Shoe-maker, and going up to him, I said, that I required him to give me the Names of those Informers, that were present, (for the rest had gone to seek whom they might devour) which he promis'd to do in the Morning; adding that the *Informers* gave him more Trouble every Night that he came to the Watch-house, than all the People in the Parish.

From hence we returned to *Drury-Lane*, where we were diverted for some Time with what passed between the *Nymphs of the Hundred*, and the other *Informers*: An Alarm being given that they were coming that Way, the Lasses, to the Number of a Baker's dozen, headed by *Buxom Nan*, drew up in Battle array, near the *Castle Tavern*; the others hoping to make them Prisoners, came slyly towards them, which the Daughters of *Venus* perceived, and suffering them to approach as near as they thought convenient, stepp'd over the Kennel, and being then in the County of Middlesex, and consequently out of their Liberty, bid them Defiance. Here, said *Nan*, look here, you lousy, cowardly Sons of the *Witch of Endor*, see what I have got; thereupon she pull'd up her Cloaths above her Belly. The rest followed the Example of their Leader; come hither, said they, you Sons of Bitches, and you shall have

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have the Dog's Portion, *A Lick and a Smell*; but not one Morsel to save you from Starving; your Betters would be glad of such Food. The poor *Curs*, being *tantalized* in this Manner, sneaked away like so many Dogs who had warried a Flock of Sheep, threatening to be even with them e're it was long.

Tho' their Behaviour would have turn'd any Rake's Stomach, yet I must confess I was pleas'd with it, when I consider'd the Nature of the Persons, whom they had used, in such a Manner; then going up to them I advis'd 'em to withdraw in time, lest the Enemy should return and take an Opportunity of charging them with the Watch. They asked us to treat them with some *Gin*, but not thinking it was prudent to be seen in such Company, we gave them 10s. for which they returned us many Thanks; and *Nan* swore that if they had offered to come near the Kennel, they should have more of the like Sauce, which she had given them once before. I ask'd her what it was? she answered, why truly *Master*, I piss'd in my hand, and flung it in the Face of one of them, upon which he lay'd hold of me; and I knowing what would be my Fate, *Sb——t* in the other and daub'd his *Muns* with it. I have reason to remember the Time, for I was sent to *Bridewell* next Morning, flogg'd heartily, and forced to beat Hemp for three Months.

Stroling along we came to Mother *Wyburne's* one of the notedest Bawds of the Age she lived in; before her lay a large Bible, which she

she was reading by the Help of her Spectacles. Mother, says my Friend, you are spiritually given, which, methinks, is something odd in a Woman of your Profession. Ah! Son, said she, I am preparing for my latter End, not knowing how soon I may be call'd out of this wicked World.— Here, *Mary, Betty, Fenny, Dolly*; what none of my Childreu in the House? In what a confus'd Condition shall I leave this Place at my Death! At last in came *Dolly*, who had been one of the Number, under the Command of *Buxom Nan*; where are you all, says Mother *Wyburne*, you leave no-body here to entertain the Gentlemen: My Sons, continues she, if you have a mind to sport away Half an Hour with a pretty *Chick*, that came out of the Country last Night; you shall have the first plucking of her Feathers, though I can assure you she was design'd for a certain Nobleman, but she will serve his Turn after you have done with her. Prithee, said I, let us see this tender *Bit*; if she be young and tender, perhaps I may strike a Bargain with you. I give you my Word, said she, that you will find her not only young and tender, but plump and sound. Here she is; I defy all *London* and *Westminster* to match her. I looked about, and to my great surprize cast my Eyes upon the Virago, *Buxom Nan*, whom the old Bawd would have put upon me for a *Chicken*. O! Sir, says *Nan*, we had a narrow Escape, for as we were drinking your Health, the religious Enemy return'd, and we were forced to fly, otherwise we should have been made Prisoners of

War. Well, Mother, said I, your young *Chick*, I fear will prove to be as tough as an old *Hen*, if I put her to the Tryal. She answer'd, truly, Son, there is a Cheat in all Trades; but you know we must get a Livelyhood one way or another, and if we do not put off our stale Ware, it will lie on our Hands till it stincks. Come, says my Friend, let us pass away Half an Hour in Mirth; bring a Bottle of Wine, and my Mother shall give us a Song. She began presently to tune her Pipes, and sung, as a Man may say, the following Words.

*O ! how happy are we,
Who thus jovial and free,
Can live without Qualms of the Mind;
Can indulge every Taste,
Love where we like best,
Not by dull Reputation confin'd.*

*When we're young, fit to toy,
Gay Delights we enjoy,
With Crowds of new Lovers a wooing;
When we're old, and decay'd,
We procure for the Trade,
Thus in every Age we are doing.*

*If a Bully we meet,
We spend what we get
Ev'ry Hour, for the next never Think;
When we die, where we go,
We have no Sense to know,
For a Bawd always dies in her Drink.*

Come

Come *Nan*, said she, give me a Bumper to drink my Sons Healths — There it is *Snper Naculum* by *Venus*: Ah! Sons, I had an excellent Voice before I fell into the Hands of bungling Surgeons, by whose Ignorance I was within an Arm's Length of losing my *Nose*, though I paid the Rascal Ten Guineas; and yet to the Boltspit of my Face it cost me Twenty Guineas, which I paid to another. I hate a Quack, let his Profession be what it will. — Bring another Bottle. The Wine was a great deal better than I expected; but we were not fond of it, therefore laying down Five Shillings, my Friend and I adjourned to a certain Tavern near to *Temple-Bar*.

In a Room next to ours I heard a Woman's Voice, and found at last it was a Rascally Attorney and his Wife. It unfortunately happened, that a young Gentleman, who had a plentiful Estate, lodged in their House, and a Plot was laid to catch him and his Landlady together, and then sue him for defiling his Bed: to effect this, the Wife used to come into the Gentlemen's Chamber, before he was up, and would set and drink Tea with him; he often desired her to withdraw, and ordered his Servant not to go from him, when ever she came. This was a great Obstacle to their Design, but a way was found to remove it, The Gentleman coming home late one Night, ordered his Footman not to disturb him in in the Morning, the Attorney's
Wife

Wife hearing this arose about Nine a-Clock, and told the Servant he must order the Barber to come to his Master presently, away he goes in haste, and up went Madam, in her Slippers and Morning Gown, and sitting by the Gentleman's Bed-side, began to toy and kiss him; took him about the Neck, dropt her Slippers and held him so fast, that he could not immediately engage himself from her. In came the Attorney with his Witnesses, who catch'd them in such a Posture, that upon a Tryal, the Jury brought in a Verdict for the Plaintiff, and gave him a Thousand Pound Damage. During the proceedings at Law the Attorney had put away his Wife; but a Fortnight after Tryal was over, received her again.

When we had drank our second Flask, we began to be *Top-Heavy*, but my Friend being more over-taken with the *Good Creature* than I was, I convey'd him to his Lodgings in a Coach, and conducted him to Bed, though I must needs own it was little better than the *Blind leading the Blind*, and being Moonlight, intended to real to my Chambers as well as I could.

I was on a sudden accosted by a Footman with O! Doctor, I am glad I have found you, it will be a Guinea in my Way; for Heaven's sake, good Sir, take a Coach, and hasten to my Mistress, for the Midwife has done all that lies in her Power, but wants your Assistance. I could not devise what
to

to make off this odd Story, but resolved to dive into the Bottom of it; and in a small space of time I came to a Merchant's House in *Fenchurch-street*, where I met with the Husband, who led me up Stairs, and while Mother *Midnight* put me into a Garb proper on such an Occasion, I was entertained with a Glass of right *Bourdeaux* Claret, and then went to the Lady. The Midwife related to me all that she had done; the Condition the Gentlewoman was in; and many Secrets which I think proper to conceal; in short, I began to repent of my Enterprize, and wished I had not undertaken it. 'Twas now too late to retract, and something I must do, tho' whether it were right or wrong, or what would be the Issue, I could not tell. I felt the good Woman's Pulse, asked her some Questions, and pulling out my Snuff-box, desired her to take a Pinch. The Midwife stared at me; the Gentlewoman yielded to my Request, and it had such a good Effect, that sneezing three or four times, it put the whole Frame of Nature into a violent Motion, and she was immediately after delivered of a Son and Heir. I then withdrew to give the Merchant joy of his young Son, leaving directions with the old Matron to call me if she found any thing *tardy*. I was received with open Arms, drank three or four Glasses, and had an offer of Tenty Guineas, which I refused, knowing that I had no just Claim to them.

Word being brought that *all was safe*, I took my Leave, but first desired to be one of
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the God-fathers, which the Merchant embraced with much Alacrity. I had scarce got to the Door, when another Servant came in, and meeting his Master, said, Sir, I have brought Dr. ———, who thereupon alighted from his Coach. The Merchant received and entertained him civilly, and finding that he was the real Dr. ———, gave him a handsome Gratuity for his Trouble, with which he was very well satisfy'd.

The next Day, about Noon, I walked in the *Park*, where I met my Friend *Jack*, and a Gentleman with him; we agreed to dine together, and bespoke a Dinner, which consisted of a *Calves head*, one part boiled and the other part fricacy'd, and a large *Need's Tongue* and *Greens*. The former Dish was scarce sat on the Table, when my Friend's Acquaintance, drawing it to him, *paues* all the Flesh off that part of the Head that was boiled, and without any Ceremony, eat in such a greedy Manner, that he did not leave as much as would have fed a Sparrow. I intended to be even with him when the Tongue was brought, but the *Cormorant* stuck his Fork into it, left the Tip-End, and part of the Root, and hauling the Greens to him, devour'd every bit. I must own I was irritated at such foul feeding, and demanding an Account of the Reckoning, we paid our Clubs towards a Bottle of Wine, but did not think it just to pay for another's eating. He was very much disgusted at this, complaining that his Belly was not full, the Cook brought a large Breast of Lamb, which was all that

was

was left in the House, except he would have any thing else drest for him; but he said, he would put up with that and half a dozen Tarts, and then we departed.

We had not gone far before we met with a great two-handed Gentleman, of Gigantick Stature; I could not forbear staring on him, and my Friend told me I need wonder at him, for he had a Stomach in proportion to his Bulk and Size: Why then, said I, he would be a rare Match for the Gentleman, whom we left behind us, No, no, answered he, I assure you that he is an over-match for him: He is a Barrister at Law, but follows only Chamber-Practice: He made an agreement with a Victualler, who kept an Ordinary to allow him eighteen Pence for his Dinner, though it was but a twelve-penny Ordinary, and paid him for a Fortnight before hand. The Man was very well pleased with his new Guest, but he had reason too soon to repent his Bargain; for the first Day that the Councillor dined at his House, he eat by Computation six Pounds of Buttock of Beef, and above Half of a Loin of Veal; in so much that the Company began to be uneasy. Having continued eating after this Rate for four Days, the Customers told the Victualler that if the Councillor was admitted amongst them, they would forsake the House; he was therefore obliged to get off from his Bargain upon the easiest Terms he could obtain, which at last were granted, upon his returning one and twenty Shillings, and making a Present of a Guinea, and to
C give

give a Supper when demanded. The Supper consisted of the most part of a Shoulder of Veal hashed, and seven Pounds of Potatoes roasted, and Butter poured upon them; and when this gormandizing Counsellor had finished his Meal, he gave the Victualler a general Release.

By this time we began to grow hungry, and would have dined with the Twin-Sisters in the City, had we not been prevented by our Promise the Night before of deciding the Matter in Controversy between the three Tradesmen's Wives; we therefore went to an Eating-house in *Abchurch-lane*, and joining with other Company, had an Ordinary at half a Crown *per Head*. Among the rest, there was an old, rich, *Dutch* Batchelor, who would not taste any thing that was high-seasoned, for it seems he was not *Pepper-proof*. For having equipped himself with a little *Pleasure-boat*, a Fire happened in the *Powder-room*, whereby he received some Damage; or, to speak more intelligibly, he kept a young Girl for his own use, as he imagined, but being liberal of her Favours, (the general Consequence of a kept Mistress) she was clapt most virulently, which she communicated to the old *Dutchman*, with whom a *Fox* could not be compared for Lechery, natural Rankness and Complexion. However, he behaved himself to her in a more civil manner than she deserved; for when he turned her off, he gave her fifty Guineas, and ordered a Surgeon to cure her at his expence. Thus he

was

was exonerated of a Charge of three Guineas per Week.

In our return the Devil flung our first Mistresses in our way, who pressed us very hard to go to their House; but assuring them that we were obliged to meet some Company at Six a-Clock, and that we had engaged our Honours to perform our Promise; telling them also that we must set out for *Newmarket* in the Morning, they excused us. However, we did not part without a Bottle, and our given to pay them a Visit when we came back to *London*.

The Hour appointed drawing nigh, we went directly to my *Coney-Court*, and were presently visited by the Leash of Females, whom we expected, each of them bringing a Flask of Wine unperceived. I took the Butcher's Wife into my Bed-chamber, and telling her the Case was so intricate, that no Judgment could be readily given, adding, that it must be first proved whether the Allegations they had set forth were true, and that it would be too difficult for one Man to examine them all; therefore, to ease my Friend, I had selected her from all the rest. She thanked me for my condescension in making her my choice, assuring me that I should find her Affirmation to be true. She was as pliant as any Wife; in short, I made the trial, and finding what she had declared to be true, promised to give my Opinion for her. In the like manner my Friend examined the other two; and now we began to

drink and be merry, till at last a Motion was made for Judgment; but this was deferred to another Day. Thus we passed away the time till Nine o'th'Clock, when the merry Wives of St. Clement's thought proper to retire; and immediately after we went upon our Ramble.

We did not meet with any thing worth Notice till we came to the middle of *Drury-lane*, then we heard a cursing and swearing in a most reprobate matter. I asked him what was the Matter? He answered, *Oh! Sar, me go into dat House, with one pretty Girl, and me drink one Hot-pot, and two three Thing more, and den me make a de Bargain, and me give her one half a Crown to — Kifs a her; but, O Sar, she sheat a me. What, said I, did she bilk you, or pick your Pocket? No, no, answered he, she no pick a my Pocket, but when me give her de half a Crown to — Kifs a her de damned English Bitch, kifs all herself, and so she sheat a me. We could not forbear laughing at the Ignorance of Monsieur, and my Friend asking him if she did not give him something into the Bargain, for which he would have cause to repent; he answered, me understand a you; No, no, de little a Bitch no serve a me so, for me have give dat to her; and now me go home to Spittle de Field. Adieu.*

Our next Adventure was at the Corner of *Russel street*, where we met a parcel of Scoundrels in Scarlet, who, with their drawn Swords,

Swords, scoured every Street they came through, and put the Inhabitants in bodily fear, vowing to sacrifice the first Person, that would offer to oppose them. My Friend and I stood upon our Guard, abusing the defensive Side; they all passed by us, except two young Whipper-snappers, who, to manifest their brutish Temper, (for they had more of the Temerity of a Beast than the Courage of a Man) assaulted us before we could unsheath our Swords. The Youth, who made a Pass at me, ran his Sword against a Post, and broke it; the other received a Wound from my Friend, whose Sword was four Inches bloody, and was carried off by his Companions, the Neighbours saying that he had met with a Judgment, and they would stand by us, for what was done we did in our own Defence.

In our Progress to *Covent-Garden*, we saw a comical Adventure between a young Rake, (whose Father had purchased a Commission for him in the *Foot-Guards*) and a Foot Soldier belonging to the same Regiment and Company. The Ensign drew his Sword, and attacked the Soldier very violently, who had no Weapon to defend him but a Stick; he had bought a Leg of Mutton at *Clare-Market*, and parrying one of the young Officer's thrusts with his *Battoon*, knocked him down very decently into the Kennel with the Leg of Mutton; which perhaps may be the Reason why the young Spark swooned as often as he saw a Sheep.

The

The Soldier ran away, and happening to meet with a Colonel belonging to the Guards, who proved to be our Acquaintance, we related to him what had passed. He came to the Ensign, and remanded him for his Malbehaviour; but he, like a thorough-paced and hardened Sinner, swore lustily that the Soldier drew his Sword, and assaulted him without any Provocation; but perceiving him to exert himself in the most manlike manner, and that his Fall was occasioned by a slip of his Foot, the Soldier ran away. We confronted him, and affirmed what he had said to be false in Fact; however, he had the assurance to persist in the Account he had given, and backed it with direful Imprecations if it was not true. I stood amazed at his matchless Front, and told him he ought to be sent to School and whipt for Lying and Perjury; he seemed to resent this, but his Colonel ordered him to his Quarters, and not to stir out at his Peril till such time as he should be released.

Meeting half a dozen of our Acquaintance, we went to *hunt the Parson*; a Pastime that has put many of those Gentlemen in fear, and made them take their heels. Six of us planted ourselves by Couples in the *Piazza's* of *Covent-Garden*, and the other two stood at a proper Distance. We had laid by our Swords, and disguised ourselves in the best manner we were able. As we stood *purdue*, a Parson appeared, and as he passed by, one said, *By God, that is he*; the next took the Alarm,

Alarm, which quickly ran like Hedge-fire ; *I am sure*, said the next, *this is he, follow and take him*. The poor Man began to mend his pace, and when he came into the Street, hearing two others swear that they knew him to be the Man they waited for, and calling out *Dick, Come, come, here he is*, the Parson, believing them to be Bailiffs, tucked up his Gown and Cassock, and ran away very manfully.

In these and such like Frolicks we passed the Night, and Morning coming on we spent two or three Hours among the Market-folks ; the Morning being cold, we retired to an adjacent Alehouse, and called for a Pint of Ale. I bade the Servant, who was a Country Girl, and not acquainted with the ways of the Towns, to frighten it, whereupon she went into the next Room, and as she stayed longer than usual, and hearing a strange tone, my Curiosity led me to see what she was a doing. The innocent Creature had placed the Pint at one end of the Room, and retiring to the other, pulled up all her Apparel, and then running to the Ale, cried *Boo, Boo*.

My Friend and I were ready to split our Sides at this comical Passage ; and, to give the Girl her due, she was clean-limbed and clear-skinned. Well, said I, this is a Method to frighten Drink with a Witness. When she thought that she had done the Business effectually, she brought the Ale to us ; but to try her Simplicity farther, we bade her air it ;

it; that, says she, shall be done presently; then taking the Pint, she carried it up Stairs, and placed it upon the Leads of the House, By this time her Mistress came down Stairs, and seeing us near the Fire, asked if we had called for any thing; we answered, yes; and then related to her the Method her Servant had taken to frighten our Ale, and having desired her to air it, she carried it up Stairs. She was presently called, but came empty-handed; what have you done, says her Mistress, with the Gentleman's Ale? She answered, they ordered me to air it, and I have left it on the top of the House, but believe it is aired by this time, and I will bring it down. The Mistress smiled, and, as we directed, drew a full Pot of Ale, warmed it, and mixed it afterwards with a Gill of Brandy and some Sugar, the major part of which she drank very freely.

From hence we returned to the Market, and spent three Hours in diverting ourselves with the various Humours of the People, and then we designed to give our Eyes some rest. In *Fleetstreet*, chusing the round-about Way, we saw an old Man going to take his Morning's Draught, according to Custom, and entering into a By-Alehouse, we followed him. He complained to the old Woman that her Ale was not so good as usual, and that if she did not please him for the future, he would leave her. O Sir, says the *Servant-Maid*, we have some of the *Anchovise*. Ale in the World; I forgot to tell you, Mistress, that the Brewer brought in a Kilderkin for a trial.

trial. *Anchovise Ale*! quoth the superannuated Gaffer, I have seen fourscore Summers and as many Winters, but never heard of such Liquor before: Prithee draw half a Pint. Let us, said I, have a Pint, and a Dram of Brandy first. The Maid returned with the new-fashion Ale, which the old Man liked so well that he drank off his half Pint, and called for another; but the Wench winked at me, intimating that she would not have us taste it. I smelled it, and found it was very fishy; and when the old Man was gone, I gave the Woman a Crown, and told her, I hoped that would satisfy her for her trouble. She returned a thousand Thanks, and declaring she could purchase but half a Barrel at a time, her Trade falling off for want of Stock, and her Brewer refusing to give her Credit, I asked his Name, and where he lived, promising that she should have a fresh Supply of good Beer and Ale that day. I was impatient to know what this *Anchovise Ale* was, and while the poor Mistress went to lock up the Crown I had given her, I offered the Servant five Shillings to let me into the Secret. She agreed to this, and said it was only a Whim that came suddenly into her Head, and putting her Finger into a *nameless* Place, twirled it about in the Liquor, and using the same Method again, rubbed the Rim of the Pint with another Finger. Before I repaired to my Chambers, I went to the Brewer, and paid him for four Barrels of his best Beer, and two of his best Ale, which were immediately sent to the good old Woman,

D

man, whereby she regained her Customers, and had a very great trade for her *Anchovise* Ale, which pleased the Neighbours, but the Receipt for making it remained a Secret. Having drank a Pint of mulled Wine, my Friend and I went to Bed, and slept heartily till three a Clock.

About four we walked in *St. James's Park*, where I saw the Dutchess of ———; and though I could willingly have cracked a Commandment with her, yet I could not conceive any hopes of so much Felicity for such a Sinner as myself; notwithstanding I was well assured that her Modesty fate as loose about her as her Morning Gown, and she could throw it off with as much ease upon occasion. She quitted the *Park* in a very abrupt manner; and soon after one of her Footmen delivered a Letter to me in private, and desired I would observe the Contents, which, to my great Astonishment, were as follow.

S I R,

I Am at a stand whether I shall call you Perfidious or Ungrateful; you well know that next to Contempt and Scorn, nothing can provoke a Woman more than Disappointment. I expected you in the Evening yesterday, and sent you Notice where to come; perhaps weighty Affairs have prevented you. If ever you expect a Reconciliation, come at Seven a Clock this Evening to Mrs. Edging's, a Millener, in the Pall-Mall: Ask no Questions, but hurry up one Pair of Stairs backwards, and you will be kindly
received

received in the Arms of her who loves you better than her own Life.

Farewell.

I began to ruminate on this Accident, and concluded that there must needs be a Mistake in it; and as my Friend was not privy to my receiving the Letter, and consequently could not tell who sent it, I desired him to read it. It puzzled him as much as it had done me, and we both jumped into the same Opinion. When the Hour of Seven approached, I took leave of my Friend, and promising to meet him at the *Rainbow Coffee-house* the Corner of the Ditch-side, I walked very gravely to Mrs. *Edging's*, and following my Directions, went up Stairs; the Room was darkened, and strait I heard a Voice, which communicated to my Ears the most welcome Sounds I ever heard, except the News of my Uncle's Death.

Undress quickly, said she, and come to Bed, for we must lay out the little time I have to spare to the best Advantage. I made all the Dispatch imaginable, and was received with the most endearing Caresses, and revelled away two Hours in stolen Pleasure. Well, said she, I must now rise and bid you adieu, but I will leave this with you as an earnest of our speedy Rendezvous at this Place, of which you shall have due Notice. For my part, I thought she would have smothered me; she opened one part of the Window-shutters that she might see to dress her; and when she saw me get out of Bed, she

started back, and cry'd, O Heavens! Am I betrayed at last? No, Madam, said I, your Letter was put into my Hands, as I imagine, by a Mistake; and as I am certain that nothing can be more gauling to one of the *Fair Sex* than a Disappointment, I was resolved to make myself happy, and endeavour to gratify the Inclinations of the *Fairest*. She then answered, you have me in your Power; but hoping you are a Man of strict Honour as well as Gallantry, I beg leave to lay you under an Injunction to lock up this Secret in your Bosom, and not to take any Notice of me when we may chance to meet, except I speak first to you. I promised a punctual Obedience to her Commands, and, as I took leave of her, she put a rich Diamond Ring on my Finger, and bade me wear it for her sake, which she told me should be a Passport to her Heart at any time.

I went to my Friend, and gave him a detail of my Adventure, but could not be prevailed upon to discover the Lady, which I said was not honourable, and therefore I desired him to desist from pressing any farther.

Time lying heavy on my Hands, for I did not design to expose myself at Noon-day, I went to spend an Hour or two with an Acquaintance, whose Profession was Surgery. As we were drinking a Bottle, a Quaker, whose Name was *Aminadab*, knocked at the Door; I retired into my Friend's Closet, and the enlightened Creature, thinking himself

self very private, began to hold forth, saying,
O Doctor, I ail, I ail. What ails you, quoth
the Son of Æsculapius? Where is your Ma-
lady? Where is your Pain? Would you have
some Blood taken from you? Nay, nay, replied
Aminadab, I tell thee, Friend, that I ail.
 When the Surgeon, after many Questions
 asked, could obtain no other Answer, he grew
 peevish, and said, *What a Pox ails you? Ve-*
rily, verily, says the Quaker, *thou hast hit*
upon it He then began to open his Case
 to the following Effect. “ A pious Sister, as
 “ she was esteemed by the Brethren, joining
 “ herself unto the righteous one Day, and
 “ being moved by the Spirit, held forth a-
 “ mong us, and exclaiming against the Va-
 “ nities of the World, drew the Eyes of all
 “ the Faithful upon her: I also beheld her
 “ ——— with a wanton Eye, and when all
 “ was ended, invited her to my Mansion,
 “ for she was fair and goodly to the Sight.
 “ The outward Man having prevailed over
 “ the inward Man, I was soon led into temp-
 “ tation, but she resisted my Motions; ne-
 “ vertheless after she had sojourned with me
 “ from the fourth Month even unto the sixth,
 “ in which space of time I had given her the
 “ value of One hundred Pounds, I walked up
 “ Stairs one Morning, and saw her lie naked
 “ in the Bed in such a Posture, that the *Flesh*
 “ got the better of the *Spirit*. I imagined
 “ that she had slept, but when my *Lamb* be-
 “ gan to play with hers, she said in the
 “ Language of the Prophane, not using the
 “ Speech of a gifted Sister, that I might
 “ proceed, for I was heartily welcome. Ve-
 “ rily

“ rily, Friend, it cost me two hundred Pounds
 “ more to get free from her, but she left me
 “ a Token of her Love, as she calls it, which
 “ proveth to be too hot for me.” Well, well,
 by what I can perceive you are Clapt, and
 want to be cured. Quoth the Doctor, take
 three of these Pills at Night going to Bed,
 and two in the Morning, and wash the in-
 fected Place with this Lotion, according to
 the printed Directions, and come to me next
 Week. The Quaker paid him five Guineas
 to conceal the Secrefy, and said, he would
 content him for the Cure when it was
 perfected.

Night drawing near I went in quest of
 my Friend, whom I met with by chance
 as he was endeavouring to find me; and
 not knowing how divert our Selves, we
 repaired to a Tavern near the *Play-house*,
 where we ordered a Porter to bring as many
 Whores as he could meet. In an Hour we
 had as many as our Room would contain,
 but a parcel of such ugly Creatures, sure
 no Eyes ever beheld. As their Complexions
 were various, so were there Principles.
 I found *Protestants* and *Papists*, *High-Church*
 and *Low-Church*, *Anabaptists*, *Independents*,
Muggletonians, *Fanaticks* of all Kinds, even
 down to the *Ranters*; but the Number of
 the latter was more than the former. A
 strong Debate arose between the *Papist* and
Presbyterian, the first asserting that tho’
 her Religion was the best, because the
Priest would grant Absolution to a depart-
 ing Sinner, especially if she had any thing
 to

to give him, and that there were so many Pardons to be purchased for Sins *past, present* and to *come*, and sold at so moderate a Price, that they, who could not purchase them must needs be poorer than *Job*. These were such demonstrable Arguments, that I could not think the *Presbyterian* could have any thing to say for her self, but I soon perceived I had retained an erroneous Notion, for she laughing at the other, called her a Fool for giving Money to purchase what was not better or more substantial than Smoak or Wind; our Perswasion is more advantageous, and not attended with any Difficulty or Charge, which I think said she are material Points. We hold *absolute Predestination*, and believe in *Destiny*, so that it matters not what Course of Life we steer, and as it is most agreeable to our Constitutions, to pursue the Dictates of Nature, and indulge our selves with the Pleasures of the World, we rest contented and are never troubled with any Anxiety of Mind. Thou art an excellent *Casuiſt*, says my Friend, and if your Positions could bear the Text, there would be no Necessity for *Religion* or *Virtue*, nor even for *common Mortality*; and to speak my Mind freely, I see but little Practice of either in this hopeful Age. But, methinks after all, the Arguments on both Sides, proceed from the same corrupt Fountain, tho' they seem to run counter to each other, in short the Sense or Spring of both is *Jesuitism*, to which we may ascribe all the *Hereses*, *Schism* that infest the World.

We

We spent most Part of the Night in roving from one Place to another, breaking the Windows, storming the Watch, and smothering a Cobbler, whom we fastened in his Stall, till he was almost suffocated. Meeting with a Taylor, who was carrying home a Gown and Cassock to a Parson, we obliged him to deliver it to us, upon a Deposite of the Value in his Hands, and conducting him to a Tavern, we ordered him to call for what he had a Mind to, and we would pay for it at our Return, giving Directions to the Drawer not to suffer him to go away. My Friend, equipped himself in this Masquerade Habit, and the Cook-Maid furnished him with a Band, which she said did belong to the Chaplain of a Man of War, who lodged at her Master's House for the Conveniency of coming in at any Hour. Thus equipped, we sallied out, picked up Whores, and affronted the Watch with no other Intent than to be carry'd before the Constable, that we may have some Diversion with him, we were quickly taken, and to the midnight Magistrate we went; I put a Crown into one Watchman's Hands to speak in Behalf of the Doctor, who sham'd the Drunken Man so naturally that I could scarce give Credit to my Eyes. The Charge being opened, the midnight Magistrate said, pray Doctor, have you any Cure? Cure, answer'd my Friend? yes, Sir, I have the best Cure in the World for a Clap. Bless me, says the other, he is wonderfully overtaken, where
were

were you a going, Doctor, when the Watchman took you? I was going were not any Man upon Earth dare to go but my self; I was going to lie with my Wife. Mercy on us quoth the Constable, Heavens forbid, that I should be the Cause of parting a Man and his Wife, and so sent us about our Business.

Having heard much Talk of the famous Dr. B——s, we were disposed to hear him handle his Text; accordingly we went thither, and saw him in his *Jack pudding* Airs, distorting the Muscles of the Face, into many more disagreeable Shapes, then the famous *Penkethman* was able to perform, and I could not forbear thinking that if a match of wry Faces had been agreed upon between these two inimitable Masters, the Audience would have been so numerous, that they might have got more Money by it then by their annual Benefits. As the Doctor was declaring against the heinous and unprofitable Sin, called *Swearing*, he happened to cast his Eye upon my Friend, who was muffled up to the Chin; beloved, says he we live in a wicked Age, every Rake, or almost every wicked Person says, Zounds or G——d Zounds in his Heart or his Mouth. Behold that Fellow in the bloody coloured Cloak, if we could see in his Heart, we should find it spotted with Oaths, like a pretty Face with the *Small-Pox*. The Eyes of the Congregation were fix'd upon my Friend, who irritated at the Rebuff he met with from the *Tub Mountebank*,
E cry'd

cry'd out, damn your Blood and Zounds you Son of *Cant* and *Nonsense*, what has your *Quackship* to do with me? Behold, my beloved, did I not prophesy unto ye aright? Who, in the Devil's Name, says *Jack*, made you a Prophet; thou art not so much as the Son of a Prophet? thou art a false Brother, the Off-spring of *Abiram*. Having vented his Spleen, we retired; went to my Chambers and put on clean Linnen, from thence to the Tavern, and afterwards to pay a second Visit to the Doctor. He had just delivered out his Text, the Words of which were, *what shall I cry?* these were repeated by him several Times, and while he was considering how to divide and sub-divide his Text; how to draw fourteen or fifteen Uses and Conclusions, and to form *Slip-Stocking* Similitudes, my Friend bawled out, O thou canting, Hypocritical, Fanatical Son of a *Pharasee*, what would you cry if you had your Option? don't you know there is an Act of Parliament, which prohibits every Thing from being cryed on a *Sunday*, except *Milk* and *Mackrell*. Being near the Door we fled manfully, and it was well for us we did so; for the Congregation were in an Uproar, and had they laid hold on us, we might expected to have found very little Mercy.

I had observed a beautiful Girl pass and repass, whilst my Friend, and I sat drinking a Bowl of Punch, at a certain Bawdy-house, and at last she brought in a young
Fellow

who proved to be an *Irishman*, they were placed in the next Room to us, and we over-heard their Discourse. By my Shoul, Madam, says *Teague*, your *English* Voman be the very pretty Lade, indeed; I will love you very mutch, and be after giving you many fine Tings, if you will love me. Come, come, says the little Gypsie, what do you call for first, and then I will love you as you please. He call'd for a Flask of Wine, which did not contain above a Pint and an Half, for which the Matron of the House scored five Shillings; then *Teague* and his Mistress were left alone to agree upon *Terms*, which could not be ratified, by Reason that the *Dear Joy* had but little Money, and the Gypfy having no inclination to be *Doing*, without that *tempting Evil*, they parted. He put his Hand in his Pocket to pay his Reckoning, but found it to be as empty as his Noddle; he then began to rave and tear like a Madman, asking *where was de Lady?* upon which the Landlady came in, to whom he related what had passed, and told her besides, that if she did not help him to his Money again, he had nothing to do but to hang himself. O Sir, says she, if that be all, get out of my House, and then do it as soon as you please, for we have too many of your Country-folks among us already, and if you were all hanged, I do not know who would be forry.

O, but my Conscience, my Conscience pricks me, indeed, says *Teague*. Conscience, replies the other, a Pox on your Conscience; Shew

me an *Irishman*, who makes a Conscience of any thing, and I will shew you my A-se. Get you gone, Sirrah, or I will send for a couple of Soldiers who shall drub you into good Manners. *Ay, says Teague, I will go, but first let me have my Moneys, indeed.* So you may, says she, if you can find the Whore who picked your Pocket. What, did you think to make this a Bawdy-house? Be gone, I say, or I will send for Father *Murphy*, who belongs to the Chappel yonder, and I will let him know what a Rogue you are. This put him in such a fright, that he ran away without speaking one word more about his Money.

Having finished our Bowl, and being tired with the various Occurrences of the Place, we left the House; and going towards *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* we saw a light in a Cellar, several Carcasses of Veal hanging up, and some Calves ready for the Slaughter. We went down, and finding the Butcher asleep, we extended his Legs and Arms, and bound him so fast that he could not move; we then took out his *Trully-bub*, and placing one of the Calves to it, the poor Animal believing it to be a Cow's Teat, began to lug it. We ascended unperceived, and going into an adjacent House that sold *Pale Ale*, called for a Pint, and soon after heard a dismal Noise, succeeded with such roaring, that it alarmed all the Company that were in the House. Some went into the Street, but not descrying any thing, returned. It was then concluded that a Neighbour

hour was in Labour; but the moans and roaring encreasing, it was adjudged to be a Man's Voice, and every Body was of the same Opinion when the Back-door was opened, for then it was plainer. Some imagined that they were the groans of a Person who had been robbed and wounded by Street Ruffians, and the Butchers, in hopes of catching the Villains, rushed out, but, to their great surprize, they soon perceived the Condition their suffering Brother was in. They unbound him, and brought him into the House to give him a *Dram of Comfort*, who being recovered, swore that if he knew the Person who served him the trick, he would run his Knife into him. The Jest being made publick, the Fellow was laughed at, and from that Night forward he was called *the Calf Sucker*; and not able to bear the many Flouts, was obliged to remove to another Market.

From hence I went directly to my Chamber, and as I crossed *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* the next Morning, a lusty Fellow begged very earnestly for a Half-penny; I refused to give it him, whereupon he said, his Wife and Family were in a miserable Condition, and if I would not grant him so small a Boon, he must be forced to do what he never intended till then. I imagining that the poor Man designed to hang himself, turned about, and gave him a Shilling, hoping I had thereby prevented Murder; and looking earnestly in his Face to try if I could discover any Symptoms of Despair, promised to give him
half

half a Crown, if he would sincerely declare what his Intentions were. Ah! Master, says he, I am loth to tell you; however, if you will give me the Money, I will deal honestly by you. I gave it to him; and then he told me plainly, that having got but little Money by Begging, his design was to *work at his Trade*, by which he could earn three Shillings every Day. I was vexed to be *Bit* by such a Rascal; and he perceiving my Anger to arise, had the Impudence to tell me, that before he put his Design in execution, he would buy a Loin of Veal, and drink my Health with the Shilling. The audaciousness of the Fellow provoked me to the highest Degree, and offering to strike him, he closed in with me, tript up my Heels, and said he would spare my Life because I had been civil to him, but bade me take care of being inquisitive for the future, or how I affronted a *Gentleman Mumper*, least I fared the worse for it. He then scoured off as fast as his Legs would permit, and left me fretting like an old Maid who had slipt the Opportunity of getting a Husband.

A shower of Rain falling thick, I began to run, but heard a Voice crying *Sir, Sir*; I turned about, and seeing a young Imp of *Satan* following me, stayed till he came up, and then asking what he wanted, the arch Rogue answered by way of Question, Shall I *Clear-starch* your Shooes, your Honour? I laughed at my Folly to be *taken in* by such a youngster, and retired to the next Coffee-

Coffee-house for shelter, till the Shower was over.

From hence I went to dine with my new Cousin on *Ludgate-hill*; and laying by my Hat and Sword, talked with him in the Shop, during which time a certain Dutchess stop'd at the Door. Several Pieces of Silk were shewn her which she did not like; at last I took one, and carried it to the Coach-door; she looked very lightly upon it, but viewed with a piercing Eye the Ring which she had given me at Mrs. *Edging's*. She called to my Kinsman, and bade him send that Piece to her House by his Foreman, meaning me, and the lowest Price; and that she would be at home in less than two Hours. I promised her Grace to wait on her; but my new Cousin could not imagine what I meant. I mean, said I, to be as good as my Word. Dinner being ready, we went up Stairs, eat heartily, and then taking Coach and the Silk with me, the Price of which was Four Pounds a Yard, I drove to the Dutchess's House. When I alighted, the Porter, to whom Directions had been given, sent one of the Footmen for her Grace's Gentlewoman, who conducted me up a Pair of *Back-stairs*, where I found a second *Venus* in her Bed-Chamber. She viewed the Silk all over, and gave it to her Woman to lay it by, who knew her Business too well to return till she was called. How long, says she, have you been Journeyman to Mr. ———? Madam, said I, this is the first Day; and I should not have officiated, had it not been for the opportunity

tunity I took of waiting on your Grace. Pray, Sir, said she, with a languishing Air, how long have you had that Ring, and what did it cost you? I answered that I was not Master of it a Fortnight, and that it was a Present from a *Fair Lady*, whom I valued more than my Life. Do you so, says she? then the Lady is obliged to you. Now, Sir, since we have an opportunity of being in private, let me know what you are, and where you live. I satisfied her in each Particular: She then flung her Arms about my Neck, and Fortune so ordered it, that we fell upon the Bed: What followed after is not in the Power of Words to express. Well, says she, chance flung you in my way at first, and when we parted, I was in some anxiety lest I had been betrayed into the Hands of one, who might brag of Favours received; but my Mind is now at rest, being fully satisfied that I have fallen into the Arms of a Man of Honour. She then rung her Bell, and gave Orders for a Bottle of Wine, and some Cake; which were presently brought, and we were left by ourselves a second time. We drank and played at *Love-Toy*, and then we played the same Game, and drank again. Soon after she began to enquire the Price of the Silk; I told her six Guineas a Yard was demanded, but six Pounds was what the Mercer insisted on: But if her Grace would favour me with the acceptance of it, I should esteem it wonderfully. She would not consent to this; but cutting off eight and twenty Yards, she called her Woman to take care of it, and gave me a Bank Note

Note for two hundred Pounds, promising to pay me a Visit when I little expected it.

I took my leave of her Grace, and was attended down Stairs by her Gentlewoman, to whom I made a Present of a Guinea, though I did design to have given her five, but feared it might cause some Suspicion, and putting a Crown into the Porter's hand, I returned to *Ludgate-hill*, and told my Cousin I had sold twenty eight Yards at six Pounds *per* Yard, and desired him to give me the remainder of the Note. He protested he would have been satisfied to have sold it at four Pounds *per* Yards, and have given Credit for six Months: Ay, but my Dear, says his Wife, my Cousin is the best Tradesman, and who knows but he has been well satisfied for his trouble. Yes, Miss *Pert*, said I, you do not hear me complain; a dozen such Customers once a Week for the space of a Year, would ruin you; for then you would tease your Husband to Death, till he had provided a Coach for you.

Early the next Morning I was awaked from one of the sweetest Dreams that ever affected a Man's Fancy; my Friend *Jack* knocked so loud at my Door, that I imagined there had been a Fire in the Buildings, but it proved to be in his *Breeches*. Assoon as he came in, he displayed a Sheep's Countenance, looking as piteous as if his Father had made his Will, and cut him off with a single Shilling.

F

Why,

Why, how now *Jack*, said I, what a Pox ails you? You have it, says he, but I may thank you for it. I was four Hours upon the hunt after you yesterday, and not finding you, I walked in the *Temple Garden* to pass away the time, which fate heavy on my Hands, when seeing a beautiful young Nymph in a Boat, that was going up the River, and desirous to try what Metal she was made of, I went on board and landed at *Lambeth*. But I was devilishly baulkt in my Design, for the Girl was so inflexibly virtuous, that she would not allow me even to touch *Flesh*; in short, she was for Marriage before Consummation, and I insisted on Consummation before Marriage. When we parted, I gave her my Benediction to this Effect:

*May you for ever burn with lustful Fire,
And nought be found to quench your hot Desire:
May you become all Mankind's greatest scorn,
And for your Virtue ever be forlorn.*

You were very smart with her, said I, but did you part upon this? He answered, I have smarted for it since, and am apt to think that she was a Limb of the Devil, and brought forth into the World by a Witch. Sir, said she, to shew you that I am not ungrateful, I desire you will accept of my Blessing, to which you are welcome.

May

*May the next Girl you offer to defile,
Yield to your Lust, and Pox you with a smile :
May you the greatest Punishment endure,
That Surgeons can invent, and find no Cure.*

After this I rambled in the Fields, and meeting a rosy-cheek, plump young Wench, with a Dimple in her Chin, (a certain prognostick that she was a lover of *that same*) I began to discourse with her, and soon perceived that she might be easily brought under. I put a Crown in her hand, and after that, *something else*. I must own she blushed, but I prevailed with her to retire to an adjacent Field; and the only Objection she made against a Compliance was, that if I should get her with Child she did not know where to find me. I soon gave her satisfaction in that Point; but then, said she, will you not forget me when you go to *London*? I answered, no, I will never forget you; and thereupon she grew as gentle as a tame Rabbet. I wish the Devil had laid his Hands upon her and the other little Spawn of a Witch, before I had seen either of them. I did not intend to keep my Word with the Dimple-chin'd Wench, but she has given me cause enough to remember her as long as I live. She not only clap'd me, but I am shankered most damnablely. Well *Jack*, said I, you must make the most of it; be charitable and communicate to your Neighbours; a thought has just now come into my Head, which we will put in practice.

We went to his Friend's House where we had drank the Punch, and meeting with the Whore who had picked the *Irishman's* Pocket, Jack took her into a private Room, and gave her a *Flourish*. What the Devil have you done, says the Landlady? Could you not consult with me before you had any thing to do with that Girl? She is poxed over Head and Ears. So much the better, quoth I, has she good Apparel? Yes, answered the Bawd, she has very good Cloaths, and dresses with an Air. Then, said I, let her make herself ready as fast as she can. When she was dressed, she looked like a young *Venus*, and had so many tempting Charms in her Face, that if I had not known the Condition she was in, I would certainly have plaid a Game or two with her at *in and out*. I gave her Instructions what to do; and following us to the *Royal Exchange*, I met with two *Jews*, *Moses* and *Abraham*, who aped the Part of two *Beaux* most ridiculously.

I gave the Signal to *Peggy*, who came up to me, and patting me on the Back with her Fan, said, Sir *John*, how do you do? I will not part with you till you give me a Pair of Gloves. Ha! Miss *Peggy*, said I, pray how does your *Mamma* do? you shall have a Pair of Gloves, and something else before you go home. We went to a Glover's just by, and when we had fitted her, I bid her go to the *Fountain-Tavern*, and I would be with her in half
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an Hour. The *Jews* took the Bait, like a couple of Gudgeons, and followed her: I knew not what Terms they agreed on, but she pickled both of them, and picked their Pockets. As soon as she had filed them, as she called it, she pretended to hear my Voice; the circumcised Sons of *Eve* withdrew immediately into another Room, and *Peggy* going out privately left them to pay the Reckoning, and mourn their Loss.

Meeting the discarded Footman of a *Great Man*, who wore his Livery, and had lived long enough with his Master to learn not to refuse Money when it was offered to him, I desired my Friend to write a Letter to him in the *Great Man's* Name, and to send it to me by the Fellow, who had learned the Lesson I gave him perfectly. I did not think it any sin to bite those, by whom thousands had been bit, and going to *Garraway's* Coffee-house, I had not sat there a quarter of an Hour, when the Footman came in, saying, Sir *John*, I am ordered to deliver this Letter into your own Hands; I was at your House, and one of your Servants directed me hither. I opened it, seemed to pause upon it, and ordered a Glass of Brandy for the Fellow. Then taking out my Purse, the Eyes of all the *Dons* at the Table being fixed upon me, and going aside, pretended to make a Present to the Servant, but gave him no more than Five Shillings, with my humble Service to the *Great Man*, and thanks
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for the good News. One of the Committee of *Stock-Jobbers*, who meet and consult every Day how to bubble the Fools that deal with them, desired me to impart to him the Particulars of the good News. I told him, that when I had served myself I would let him into the Secret. Taking out my Handkerchief I dropt the Letter on purpose, which he took up and read. All the Committee laid their *Loggerheads* together; one said, a Peace! another the *Indulto* settled, and the Effects delivered! This is News indeed. Stock was bought by them presently, and in half an Hour's time all the Sellers became Buyers.

Going into *Cornhill* I met my Footman, who delivered a Letter to me, signed by the two Sisters with whom we had our first Adventure, and coming up to one of these Carrion Hunters, called an *Undertaker*, why then, said I, if she be dead, she shall be buried handsomely, *it is an ill Wind that blows Good to no Body*, I get a Thousand Pounds by her Death. Go said I, to my Taylor; and bid him make me a Suit of Mourning out of Hand. The *Shroud-monger*, hearing my Friend give me the Title of *Sir John*, came to me, and saying he was sorry to hear of my Loss, (tho' I knew he lied most damnably at the same time) offered his Service to bury the Lady. I said it was indifferent to me who took care of the Funeral; and going into a Tavern, I told him after what Manner she should be interred,

interred, and how many Coaches with fix Horfes I would have to attend the Herse. He writ the Instructions, and offered to pay for our Wine ; but I thought it was beneath a Man of Dignity to be treated by such a Fellow, and therefore would not permit it ; but said, he might make a Present to my Servant of a Pair of Gloves, if he pleased ; whom, upon second thoughts, I had ordered to attend me, till I had given him farther Directions. The Undertaker palmed him with two Guineas, and I bade him to bring a Bill of the Charges next Morning to my House in *Robert's street* near *Hanover Square*. Thus I made him pay for his proffered Service, and led him a Wild-Goose Chase into the Bargain.

F I N I S.

